

Chapter 496

It suddenly felt like Naomi was cold-hearted enough to do anything then. Francis was the one who forced her to the point of no return. She and her daughter would really not have any share of the company if she didn't do something about it. She went upstairs and took a bottle of pills from the corner of a cabinet. She then poured the content into a bottle of antihypertensive pills that Francis now had to take one pill daily. The newly added pills would not immediately cause death. What it would do was trigger Francis' ailment by increasing his blood pressure and causing him to have heart problems. It could easily lead to a heart-attack-induced accident. This would be a murder without a weapon. Francis only had himself to blame for this.

After she had poured the pills into the container, she sent Alex a message, 'I have switched out the pills. We will let him take it consistently for a few days, and you can find a chance to take him somewhere far before we execute our plan.' Alex's reply came soon after. 'Got it. Thank you, Naomi. Francis took a pill before he slept that night, and Naomi coldly watched him do it. Erica was staying over at Alex's place for the night. Her mother had reminded her to not tell Alex regarding her birth, which was why she had to keep it to herself despite how there were no secrets between her and Alex.

"Erica, my plan with your mom is about to begin. You can't start panicking when the time comes," he reminded her. She was the one among the three of them that he was most worried would freak out. Alex didn't know that Erica had already treated Francis like a stranger that had no ties to her at some point. She replied in a cold voice, "Don't worry. You and Mom can go ahead as planned. I won't get in the way. I don't care if my dad lives or dies."

Hearing that, Alex began to muse about how Naomi had managed to raise her daughter to be as cruel as she was. A handsome young man stood by the French windows of the luxurious hotel suite. He had on a white high-collared sweater, but despite how warm it looked, it did nothing to suppress the chill emitting from his body.

"Why haven't you found her?" Arthur's angry eyes glared at his subordinates. "Young Master, we did find her after we took a look at the CCTV recording, but it is difficult for us to know what she really looks like because of how well the heavy makeup she had on covered her features.

That is why we still haven't found out who she is." He narrowed his eyes upon hearing that. He remembered how much of a nightmare the woman was when she hopped into his car with layers of makeup and that cheap perfume on. She even insulted him with her poor tastes.

He would really have lost his family heirloom if he still couldn't find her. The heirloom was something that his mother had personally given to him so that he could hand it to his wife, and have it passed down to their children and grandchildren. But now, it had been stolen by this darn female thief.

"Young Master, we will be keeping an eye on all the second-hand jewelry stores as we look and wait for the woman. We will be notified immediately if she were to visit any of those stores."

Arthur, of course, didn't want to just wait. He also didn't want his belongings to be touched by the woman. As someone who had mysophobia, he was disgusted by the thought of having someone else lay hands on something that belonged to him. At n wa He hated how there was a lingering scent of the other person even if his item was to be returned to him someday. He could always throw it away and buy a new one if it was something of little importance. This, however, was a family heirloom that had been passed down for more than two centuries.

There was only one of it in the world. It was meant to continue being passed down for generations to come. The bodyguards had a question for Arthur that they didn't dare ask out loud. Why would you bring a family heirloom out and about whenever you leave home, Young Master? Don't you know how hard it is to find something like this once it is lost?! But then again, the bodyguards were only brave enough to grumble to themselves. Arthur gritted his teeth.

Beneath his curly long eyelashes was a face that looked as though it had been sculpted by the hands of God himself. Now, however, it was showing an unreadable expression. He finally let out a sigh. "Fine! I will give you a little more time. Find it before the end of the festive season." "Understood!" The bodyguards had no choice but to comply.

It was still up in the air whether or not they could find it. They couldn't help but sigh at how brave the woman was to steal something that belonged to Arthur, out of all the other people she could steal from. The man who looked like he would never hurt a fly was, in fact, the incarnation of the Devil himself. They could only imagine the kind of terrible fate that awaited the woman if they were to find her.